Signable

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Judge

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BY THE DEMOCRACY—"The king is dead—long live David B. Hill!"

* * *

TO THE JILTED marriage is a failure except as it belongs to somebody else.

* * *

TO DEMOCRATS in office—Don't see what you want. You won't get it if you ask for it.

* * *

RUSSELL B. HARRISON has no B in his bonnet, and the Helena *Record* is proof of the assertion.

* * *

PERHAPS the horse Bell Boy brings $51,000 because it is within the ring.

* * *

A CRAZY QUILT—The Personal Intelligence column of the New York *Herald*.

* * *

THEY HAVE had base-ball in Rome. Go, then, see Rome, and commit your suicide.

* * *

THE EYESIGHT of Mayor Grant is not good, but his foresight could hardly be improved.

* * *

HEREAFTER and for all time the great London newspaper will be known as the *Blunderer*.

* * *

THE SUNDAY PAPER is all right. The gentlemen who object to it had better look to the Sunday pulpit.

* * *

MR. RANDALL leads the Democratic party on the tariff question. Or, to put it in another way, there is no Democratic party.

* * *

QUESTION—The Democrats had four years of power with which to recover themselves. If they couldn't win with that advantage how can they ever win again?

* * *

TO PRESIDENT HARRISON—Remember, dear boy, that there was never yet a president who didn't have "a hard task," and that it looked worse the nearer he got to it.

* * *

NEVER SAY that you have gone up the spout. Remark, instead, that you are about to investigate the assembly ceiling.

* * *

IT SEEMS QUEER to skip over Canada to take in those territories as states; but the best policy is, after all, to wait for Canada to coax the promotion.

* * *

ST. LOUIS declares that Mary Anderson is soulless, and besides is an actress of mediocrity. We have always thought, with Chicago, that St. Louis ought to have been permitted to secede.

* * *

HUGH GRANT doesn't make as much fuss as A. S. Hewitt, but he has won the respect and confidence of this entire town. A contemporary calls him our fighting mayor. He is; but he doesn't strain his legs kicking at nothing, and it is not his purpose to make all the enemies he can.

UNDER THE GASLIGHT.

(27TH STREET.)

ARMAND (*who has just proposed*)—"Pore liddle honey, yo' looks blue! I's 'fraid yo's cold."
PAULINE—"Dat ain't cold, Gawge; dat's blushes!"

IS IT MEET and proper to suggest that while some parties are in the soup some others are in the assembly ceiling?

OUR LITTLE PHIL.

THE JUDGE pays honest tribute to the memory of Philip H. Welch, who had more wit and more grit than any other man of his time. Dying of cancer, he kept up his merry jests until the pen dropped from his hand, and he gave up life with a smile on his lips. The JUDGE was wont to speak of him as "Our Little Phil." No braver, manlier man ever died on or off the battle-field, and his march to the grave was made with the philosophy and patience of a Christian and a grenadier. The world will lose many a laugh through his departure, and those who knew him will remember him with affectionate regard until he is found again.

THE HEAD OF THE CABINET.

IT MAY NOT be well to kick the man who is down, and on the whole Mr. Bayard as secretary of state has never occupied any other position. But what a splendid American that man James G. Blaine is! What respect he won for this nation during his brief period as the premier of President Garfield! And is his Americanism unsafe? As President Harrison said in effect a few years ago, he is a statesman, and not an adventurer. He knows what he is about. He will have all the rights which belong to the nation. He will have a policy. If there is danger in that, let it come; but it would be as reasonable to say that a man is dangerous because he chooses to protect his farm and his fireside.

PRISON LABOR—JUSTICE FOR THE TAXPAYER.

WHEN a judge in executing the law pronounces as a penalty to a crime that the prisoner at the bar be condemned to serve his sentence at "hard labor," it makes a farce of justice for the legislature, by enactment, to prevent the possibility of the sentence by depriving the culprit of both the material and the opportunity to work. The attempts since the abolition of contract labor for the employment of criminals have been abortive. The endeavor so far to contrive a system of prison industry that shall at one and the same time make our penal and reformatory institutions self-existing and non-competitive as against outside and honest labor has proven impracticable. Under the old system prison labor was contracted at a compensation to the state of from thirty-five to fifty cents per day per man. The convicts serving for long terms, stimulated by a slight premium on their activity and skill, became efficient, expert and specially profitable. The state finding shelter, storage, food and factory—everything, in fact, but tools and raw material—it was inevitable that the product could be sold at twenty to thirty per cent. less than the products of higher-priced outside work, still giving not only a reasonable but liberal profit. The antagonism of the workers was naturally aroused, the market being as much depressed as if fully supplied by products at European labor prices, and yet relieved of the restrictions of tariff protection. The plea that the total amount was but a moiety compared with the demand fell and falls to the ground. It is a commercial truism that low quotations demoralize and pull down the values of manufactured goods along all the lines. Manufacturers have no Wall street that can bull up values by buying up the stocks.

The other theory, that low prices prevent over-production, while true fifty years ago, when nearly all products were made in a limited way and by hand, is not true to-day. Expensive machinery and structures that lie idle soon corrode their value. Insurance, investment and interest, all except labor and stock, are the same when the factory is still as when the factory is moving. There are businesses in which it is better to bear a small loss than by closing start inevitably on the road to bankruptcy. The present economic contention is between the taxpayer (and all are such directly or indirectly) and labor, which dreads to see its demand lessened or its compensation reduced. It is absurd to say that penal competition

PLANNING THE PALACE.

MR. EDGERLY WINTON (*to his architect*)—"It's going to make a *reckershay* kind of a house, Mr. Lewis; but what's this shed business in front?"
MR. LEWIS—"That is the *porte cochère*, sir."
MRS. WINTON—"How nice! And I suppose you'll have a separate cochere for each of the other wines, won't you, Mr. Lewis?"

affects comparatively few. Every man deprived of employment must in some way live, burdening the community for sustenance, or threatening the worker, who does labor, by the competition of his needs. The bankruptcy of labor is starvation. A scant subsistence is better than none at all, just as a business with a microscopic profit is preferable to one with an absolute shrinkage. If there be not a remedy, is there not a possible mitigation of the evil? Labor should not be called to toil to support penal idleness. The present policy of condemning a prisoner to leisure tempered with military exercise is inadequate as a deterrent or a punishment of crime.

This question is before the people, and the public demand its consideration and solution. The legislature was not elected to fritter its time in condoning schemes to nourish corporate greed, or to cheat the state by the absorption of the advantage of public contracts, or by inane enactments or cheap discussions.

While the exportation of prison-made goods would be an absolute relief to the pressure on the market, there are also industries that could be developed without injury, or even threat, to our domestic labor. We pay many millions of dollars annually for jute goods, burlaps and hop-sacking, not a yard of the lower grades of which are produced in the United States, excepting in California state prisons.

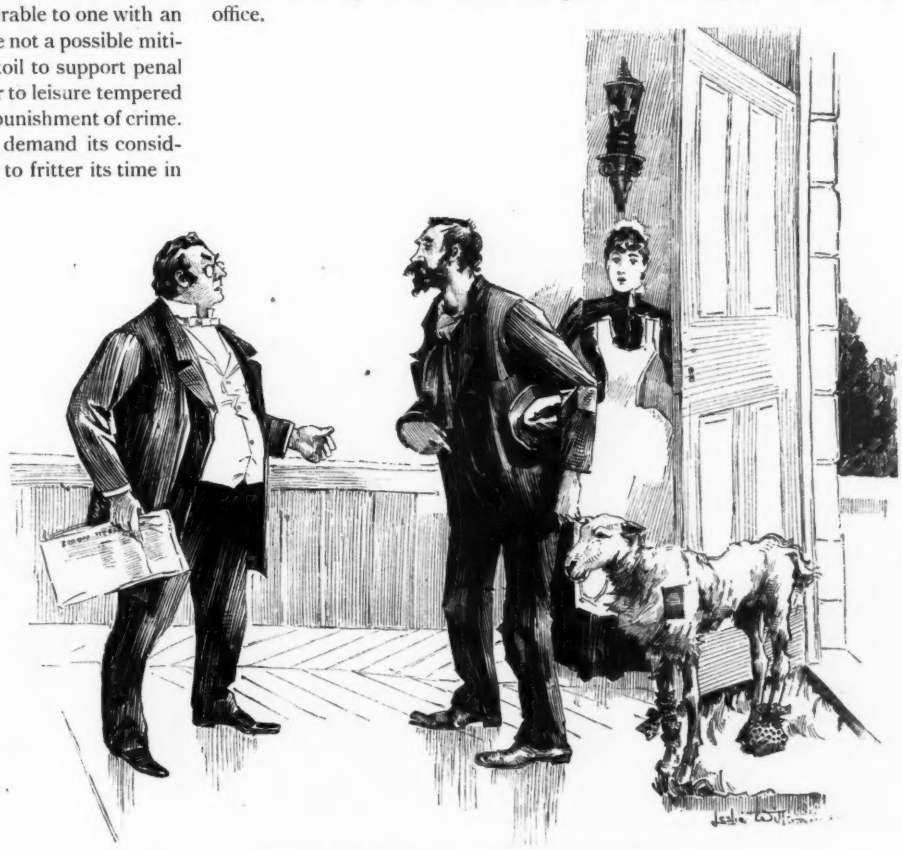
Penal labor is the only labor that can successfully compete with the cheap Hindoo or the poorly paid Scotchman, yet the vast consumption of this special manufacture alone would sustain and employ every culprit in the country. J. A.

IT WAS THOUGHT by many physicians during Garfield's sufferings that ignorance was Bliss; but the doctor of that name is probably very wise now.

* * *

MR. REILLY as county clerk has given the lawyers more accommodation than they have had heretofore, and practices economy for the city precisely as he would for himself. Mr. Reilly is, in other words, a good enough man to belong to the other party.

THAT MAN EDGERTON is self-sufficient and impertinent enough to have his cheek warmed. Examine him as to the proprieties and he couldn't answer the first question. His letter to the president was an affront to every citizen who has respect for the dignity of the first office.



NOT ENTIRELY CLEANED OUT.

BOSTON FATHER—"This can't be, my son!"
HIS SON (*from the Nebraska sheep-ranch*)—"Yes it can, dad; and he's got something left, too. Most of the fellows lost everything they had."

CASH.

OH, Cash! thou art a ruling power,
A mighty king.
In busy mart, at ev'ry hour,
Thy voice doth ring.
In paper green, and yellow gold,
Thy cumulative wealth is told.
To gain thee good, pure souls are sold
For what they bring.

Oh, Cash! thou art a bonded slave,
Poor little one!
A day of liberty you crave,
When all is done.
At everybody's beck and call,
Upstairs and down, through crowded hall.
What matter, now and then, a fall?
Life's just begun.

But by-and-by a maiden fair
You'll be, 'tis true;
With form divine, and golden hair,
And eyes of blue.
And then the man who owns the place
Will bow before such gentle grace;
He "Cash" will gain in your sweet face,
And so will you.

PEARL EYTINGE.

HUM OF THE COURT.

IF ONE JUDGES by quantity marriage in Utah is not a failure; but if one judges by quality it ought to be.

THERE MAY BE stages in heaven on the seventh day; but if there are shall I not spread my wings? —*E. F. Shepard.*

POET O'REILLY prophesied that Ireland would have home rule in 1889. Prophecy is generally poetry, but it has frequently the distinction of deserving to be fact.

JOLIET PRISON is said to have more good musicians than any other establishment of that kind; but there is this drawback—the musicians always want to go beyond the bars.

MR. CLEVELAND has such a bad temper that one paper says he goes out of office "in a huff." Yes, by Jove! and it looks like a split huff too.

NO LAPLANDER has ever written a song. Now if it may be added that no Laplander has ever whistled one Lapland will presently be a great summer resort.

WE HAD never regarded Pittsburg as a great city; but it seems that a boy weighing 650 pounds was buried there the other day, and that his surviving mother weighs more than he did.

THE BLIZZARD a year ago came on the 12th of March. The one for this year was marked for March 4; but it was as mild and lovely as any sister, and for four years at least everybody will rejoice because it came.

THERE IS SAID, by the Chicago *Times*, to be a decrease of ten per cent. in the business intelligence of Chicago during the past five years, and the *Times* lays it to the employment of women. When a newspaper talks thus foolishly one is inclined to think the decrease is twenty per cent. at least.

THERE WILL be lots of civil-service reform in this administration; but the hundredth man, who believes in himself to the sacrifice of the ninety and nine to his opinion, behold you! that man shall have his head run into the ground that his boots may have a monopoly of the subsequent kicking.

A FRIENDLY CAUTION.

MR. WEEPLEIGH (*who has come around the corner unexpectedly*)—"Good morning, Uncle Philip!"

UNCLE PHILIP—"Good mornin', squire; good mornin', sah! I war jist a-comin' up to yo' house fer ter warn yer dat dey's a new fambly ob coons moved in ober on d' hill, an' dey's li'ble ter be fond ob chick'ns. How's yo' Leghorns a-gittin' 'long, sah?"

FREQUENT STORMS are wearing away the Atlantic coast so rapidly that presently we shall have to live at sea in order to get the summer sea-breeze ashore.

THE LATE CONTEST of the women bicyclers was excellent in some respects, but in all the others it was quite the reverse. To begin with, a woman shouldn't bicycle.

AN AMERICAN COUPLE were recently married by a Chinese clergyman, and in the clergyman's language. If the clergy of this country do not need protection, the couple that bought that cheap marriage will eventually cry out for a divorce.

THERE IS a story that the duchess of Marlborough is very uncertain as to her temper, and that in consequence the duke is seriously alarmed. The whirligig of time is pretty good at arithmetic.

JULIA WARD HOWE has been re-elected president of the woman-suffrage league of Boston. Mrs. Howe has served long enough in that capacity to be exempt, and we should think she would be mad enough to shout the battle-cry of freedom.

EVE NEVER did anything wrong until Adam failed to find the key-hole to the chief gate of paradise at four o'clock in the morning; and at the same time we must charitably remember that our chief male parent was built with the various human weaknesses.

AFTER THE RUNAWAY.

LONG ISLAND FARMER—"You don't look 'xactly like a tramp. What yer doin' in thar?"

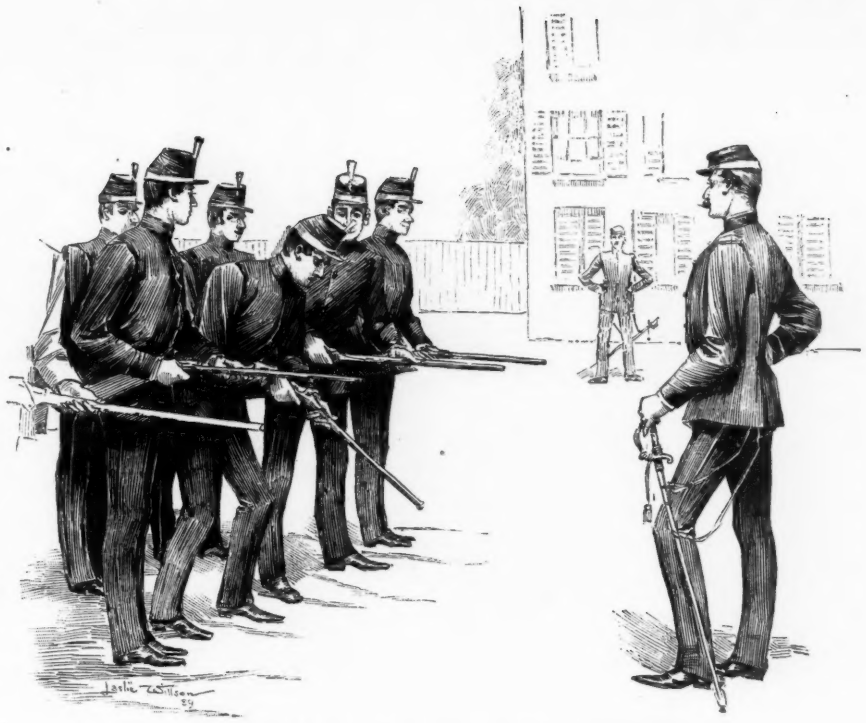
MR. MONTMORENCY LIVERSON—"My friend, this is all that's left of our Hempstead straw-ride. There are just fourteen of us under this pile."

A BIRD OF PASSAGE.

AUNT Sally Hutchins of Rhinebeck-on-Hudson got a youthful fever on the other day, and extracting her 1840 skates from the old cedar chest in the garret ambled down to the river's edge, and with a great deal of grunting and gasping got them on. As she straightened up and took a long, gliding stroke out on to the ice she observed, "They's two things a body never forgets. One is how ter mix crullers, an' th' other is how ter skate." Just then a breeze of wind right direct from Albany caught the good old lady and in a second she was speeding down the river like a mackerel-gull. She was reported at Newburg, West Point and Sing Sing, and yesterday's Spuyten Duyvil *Herald* had the following item:

"This morning a strange bird came down the river on the ice. From our sanctum-window it looked like a cross between an albatross and a cassowary, but our wife averred that it was a fugitive peacock with its tail blown up over its back. Uncle Henry Haviland took several shots at it with his Queen Anne musket, but failed to hit it."

Aunt Sally's arrival at Sandy Hook on her way out is anxiously looked for.



TROUBLE AT THE MILITARY SCHOOL.

INSTRUCTOR—"What's wrong in the front rank?"
PRIVATE PHIPPS—"Please, sir, Private Simmons 's went an' put a peanut in his breech-loader in place of a blank cartridge, an' he can't get it out."

PATRIOTIC.

FIRST TRAMP—"Aristocracy! They don't know what aristocracy is in dis country. Who ever heard of a 'ristocrat workin' in England?"
SECOND TRAMP—"That's so, Bill, and that's why I'm opposed ter workin'. I don't want them doods, like de prince of Wales and de Rooshun king, a-sneerin' at dis country, and a-sayin' we ain't got no real, simon-pure gentlemen. No, sir; not while I live!"

ON LEARNING TO SKATE.

When on the mirror-ice,
Profit by this advice,
Which, for your own dear sake,
I hope you're sensible enough to take:
When learning first to skate, my little elf,
Seek some secluded corner of the lake,
And take a quiet tumble to yourself.

PUT HIS OWN CONSTRUCTION ON IT.

Jones last Saturday received the following note from a friend:

"Come and dine with me to-morrow, at Delmonico's, with two or three friends."

Jones, who is a very literal person, turned up promptly at the appointed hour with—three of his friends.

NOT WHAT SHE EXPECTED.

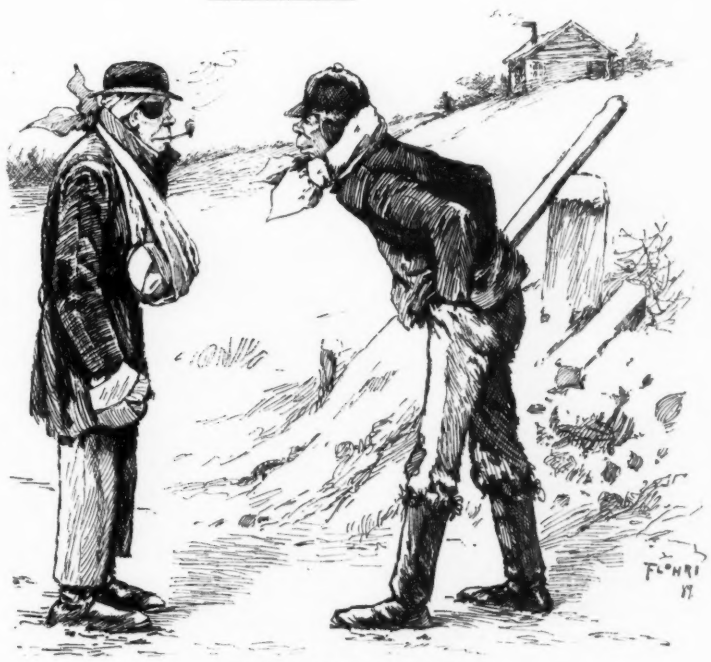
"Miss Squawker," said he, gently, as the last notes of her song died upon the air, "I hope you will not be offended at what I am about to say. It has been on my mind for some time, and"——

"Go on, Mr. Spooner," said the girl, encouragingly.

"Well—h'm! The last horse-car will be down in three minutes, and I'll have to walk home if I don't catch it."

CHOLLY'S ADVENTURE.

"Boys," said Cholly to an interested audience at the club, "I passed last night—aw—by a gwaveyard, and as I—aw—dwew neah I saw some gweat white object standing there, and my bweath nearly went away; but I was smoking a cigawette, and that sustained me and gave me courwage, so I went up to the object and touched it. It was cold—aw—and, fellahs, shoot me if it wasn't a monument."



BIRTHDAY PRESENTS.

MIKE—"What did yez git fur yez birthday, Dennis?"
DENNIS—"Me discharge. What did yez git?"
MIKE—"A batin' from Tom Nolan."

COL. BILL BLAIR EN ROUTE.

A JOURNALISTIC NARRATIVE.

(From the Tombstone, Ariz., Epitaph.)

COLONEL BILL BLAIR, our well-known coroner, departed this morning for the back country, on a brief sojourn. Bill was accompanied by a well-filled valise and a quart bottle, and will doubtless have an enjoyable trip. Bon voyage, Bill.

(From the same paper, next day.)

Colonel Bill Blair will not leave until to-day. He had intended to start yesterday, as was announced in the *Epitaph* last night, but—well, he did get outside of the fire limits, but he fortunately discovered that his bottle was empty and returned to town for supplies. Bill's friends will bid him farewell to-day.

(From the Phœnix, Ariz., Bazoo.)

We enjoyed a pleasant call to-day from Colonel William Blair, the popular coroner of our neighboring city of Tombstone. There is plenty of fun in Bill, and if he were to sit on our corpse we would surely come to life again. Bill was given a wet reception last night at Slippery Jim's. To the credit of Tombstone, he outdrank every man in the place. This included General Hillslogger, and our readers know that the general is no slouch himself.

(From the Prescott, Ariz., Boomer.)

The up stage last night from Phœnix brought into our midst Colonel Bill Blair, coroner of the town of Tombstone. Colonel Blair was on our streets to-day, meeting some of the leading citizens in friendly converse. He is not in the best of health, we are sorry to learn.

(From the Yuma, Ariz., Howler.)

Bill Blair of Tombstone, coroner of that place, is in town for a brief sojourn. He was sick last night, but was able to meet a few friends at the Miner's Retreat this morning.

(From the Gila, Ariz., Squelcher.)

Old Bill Blair of Tombstone was in town yesterday. Bill is coroner *de facto*, and we would advise him to sit on himself.

(From the Tucson, Ariz., Rustler.)

Cross-eyed Blair, a tough cit. of Tombstone, passed through Tucson last night on his way home. The vigilance committee was at the depot.

(From the Tombstone, Ariz., Epitaph.)

Bill Blair is back. He is a little off color, having slept in the jug last night, but will be able to resume his duties as coroner to-morrow. Our readers will find Bill at the old stand, ready to pass judgment on able-bodied stiffs with neatness and dispatch.

WILL M. CLEMENS.

BRAZOS RIVER FASHION.

MR. BRUERTON SCADMORE (*who has been more than fortunate in Texas cattle, comes to New York for a permanent residence*).

MRS. SCADMORE (*at the hotel on the morning following their arrival*)—"What'll I do with this packing-case, Bruer? I've got everything out of it."

MR. SCADMORE—"Open th' winder an' chuck it out in th' road."

MISS FAD.

She knows no lines of Shakespeare;
She cannot converse at all:
Her head is as empty of knowledge
As an india-rubber ball.
But in latest caprice of fashion
She never was known to fail;
And so she has "got there" already
In an ugly Hading veil.

ANNA C. STARBUCK.

ON THE LINE.

Visitor (to exhibiting artist)—"Ah! just arrived? Congratulations! You're on the line at last. It's a glorious bit, Al.; one of your very best—such imagination, such depth, such boldness, such"——

Exhibiting artist (gasping)—"Good heavens, man! they've hung it upside down!"

It is strange that Longfellow knew not of the inter-state laws and yet wrote, "Try not the pass."

IT WORKED SUCCESSFULLY.

THE INVENTOR—"It's so simple it's *got* to succeed. There's nothing but the wings and this strong spiral spring, which I wind in this way, and then"——

(*As the spring breaks*)—"Up we go!"

IN a scrimmage, ef yo' can't hit, kick.

Dar's a heap o' courage in a fife an' drum.

W'en yo' er thusty a spring er ez good ez a lake.

A lie er got no legs, but hit doan' seem to need any.

Knife an' fawk am o'naments w'en dar's nuffin' to eat.

Hit er a handy t'ing fo' de absent-minded man dat he er got feet.

A trav'lah dat limps mus' staht uhly ef he keeps up wid de one dat doan'.

Mos' men dat see a padlock 'clude dat dar er suffin' wuff habbin' behin' hit.

Hit doan' make so much dif'ence w'at de plaintiff says ef de defendant am rich.

De man dat takes bribes ez laikly ez no ull serve de man fust dat tipped 'im las'.

A spen'thrift am laik a candle. He lightens up de faces ob oddahs at 'is own expense.

W'iles de young doctah er fin'in' out wudder physic ull physic er no a-many pussons die.

Dar er grades in all t'ings. Ef dar wa'n't a herrin' ud fetch ez much ez a trout an' a mule ez much ez a Kaintuck filly.

'Ta'n't de value ob a t'ing ez much ez de fitness ob hit dat tells. Chuck a chicken gol' dollahs an' cawn an' 'e won't touch de dollahs.

Ef Crismus shud come once a week eberybody ud hab de dyspepshy, an' hangin' up stockings ud be ez wearyin' ez hangin' up clo' aftah a big wash.

Hit am bettah fo' de trav'lah by night toe carry a club dan toe grope fo' one.

"Thankee" a'n't mannahs wid de man dat wins yo' money any mo' en hit am wid de man dat robs yo'.

Yo' can tell ez much abo't a pol'tician's nod ez yo' kin abo't nex' week's win' f'om to-day's weddahcock.

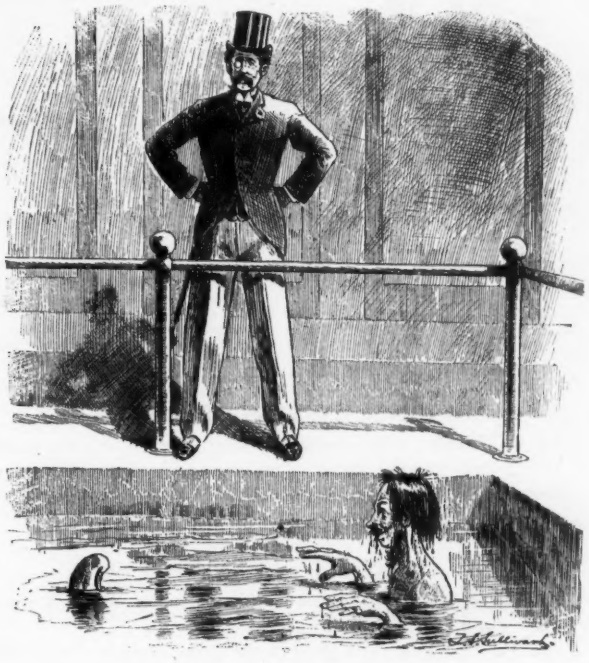
De man dat makes money an' doan' take some comfo't wid hit am brudder toe de mule dat broke 'way f'om a mangah-full toe gnaw de oat-bin.

Ef yo' wantah do a t'ing keep at hit. Ef de woodchoppah went fru' de woods hackin' a chip outen ebery tree he wudn' lib long nuff toe cut one ob um down.

A man needn' perch on de chimbly toe prove dat he laiks home.

Nebbah ax de man w'at owns de cow wuddah er no de buttah 's good.

J. A. WALDRON.



IN THE PRODUCE EXCHANGE BATH.

HOWLEY—"What's the matter with Isaacstein?"
GURLAP—"I don't know; I haven't seen him."
HOWLEY—"Who's that in with you?"
GURLAP—"That's one of my bath-slippers."
HOWLEY—"Oh!"

THE FATALITY OF JUMPING AT CONCLUSIONS.

MISS OLDHAM (*who is not so young as she used to be*)—"Speaking of fine lace, Mr. Jackson, here is a lace handkerchief made expressly for me on my sixteenth birthday."

MR. JACKSON (*gallantly*)—"Simply beautiful! Ah, Miss Oldham, one sees nothing so fine as that nowadays. Things were made much better in those good old times, weren't they?"

THE MILD WINTER.

Though now we say, when off our guard,
Old Boreas is a nice man;
Next summer we will find it hard
Enough to pay the iceman.

A FERRY GOOD ANSWER.

"I believe the Albany boat leaves this pier, does it not?"

"Leaves it every trip, ma'am. Never knew it to take the dock up the river yet."

PRAYED FOR HIS PARTY.

Just before election last fall a number of ardent Fiske and Brooks adherents in a certain city held a prayer-meeting. During its course a good brother put forth this petition: "O Lord, fill us with simplicity, or at least make us as simple as you can."

SUGGESTIVE.

"Did you knock at the door when you came to-night?"
"Yes; why did you ask such a thing?"
"Well, you know, for a change, I just thought you might
Have come, my dear Claude, with a ring."

OR, THE MYSTIFICATION OF DENNIS.

ME name it is Dinny McLooney,
From Ballylaloo I have landed,
Oi've crossed th' wild ocean
Thot's so full av motion,
An' here in N' Yark Oi am shtranded.

Sure Oi kem from th' garden so early
This mornin' to look at th' city,
An' th' foorst t'ing Oi knew
A shmall gossoon or two
Wor pipin' me aff. It's a pity.

Says wan, "Will yez look at his phiskers?
Ain't they thrimmed?" Oi gev back, "T' perfection.'
"They are," he sings out,
"An' so you'll be, no doubt,
Av yez run fer th' comin' election."

Jist thin a shmall bit av a felly,
Wid a box on th' broad av his shoulder,
Pits his face up in mine
An' he tells me t' "Shine!"
Be th' powers! 'twud be aisier t' moulder.

FROM ONE MYSTERY TO ANOTHER.

Jones—"Matilda, where is that latch-key I handed you this morning?"

Mrs. Jones—"In the pocket of my dress hanging up over there."

Jones (five minutes later, desperately)—"And now, Matilda, will you please tell me where to find the pocket of your dress?"

A MATTER OF BUSINESS.

Farmer—"I didn't have any money for the paper, so I thought I would bring you in a load of turnips."

Editor—"Yes; that's as good to me as the money. Er—before you go, Mr. Hayseed, there's a little matter I'd like to speak to you about."

Farmer—"Well, what is it?"

Editor—"You don't want to buy a load of turnips, do you?"

FILIAL ENCOURAGEMENT.

MR. MCGAGAN (*the contractor, to his old father, whom he has just brought out from Ireland*)—"Come, come, come! T'ump away there, an' learn th' business! Thot's fwhat yure son had t' do."

SAW IT BEFORE.

"Say, old boy," remarked Cobwigger, "Miss Snyder is going to take the part of *Rosalind* in our amateur theatricals. She will be a revelation in that costume. You must come and see her."

"I don't care about it," returned Merritt. "You see, we both bathed at the same resort this summer."

PASSING FIRE ISLAND ON THE VOYAGE OUT.

MRS. CLAMMER (*of Fond du Lac, Mich., who has been given a stateroom next the engine-room*)—"Are you the hall boy?"

USEFUL INDIVIDUAL—"No, ma'am. I'm the fourth hassistant steward, ma'am."

MRS. CLAMMER—"Well, Mr. Fourth Assistant Stewer, I wish you would tell the proprietor that my husban's got a turn, an' if them fellers in th' next room don't stop their poundin' on the wall I shall ask for a room on another floor."

SENTENCES PASSED BY THE JUDGE.

A man's speech savors of his trade, and the tendency is toward ruts. There is no calling whose interests are broad enough or intellectual enough to escape this tendency.

Life is strictly a game of consequences. There is absolutely no scapegoat which can be successfully packed with our deeds and sent away into the wilderness of oblivion. The animal will always find us out.

There seems to be a point in feminine strong-mindedness and weak-mindedness where extremes meet, and in the early stages of either disease it is doubtful whether the victim will eventually take to the stump or to the pug dog.

Those who pray will pray to be delivered from encountering three things: a woman with neglected duties clamoring for her "rights;" a faithless man by virtue of his sex demanding the allegiance of a loyal woman; and the hollow mockery of a house which is no home.

A man is responsible for his belief in the same manner that he is responsible for his physical conceptions. The only responsibility which can rest upon either a bodily or a mental vision is that of condition, which should be a fitness for seeing things as nearly as possible as they are.

As there are physical deformities, so there is an oblique moral vision which leads to the most atrocious acts. A person so afflicted is almost invariably unconscious of his (or her) defect, and will relate an adventure in point of case with a lightness and disconcern which compels the hearer to rub his eyes in distrust of the correctness of his own vision.

KATHRINE GROSJEAN.

When Carrie's verses from her lover
She hides beneath her bosom's laces,
The beatings of her heart to cover,
His "lines have fallen in pleasant places."

W. H. H. Miller,
Attorney General.

William Windom,
Secretary of Treasury.

John W. Noble,
Secretary Interior.

PRESIDENT HARRISON AND H

SACKETT & WILHELMS LITHO. CO. N.Y.

AND HIS CABINET.

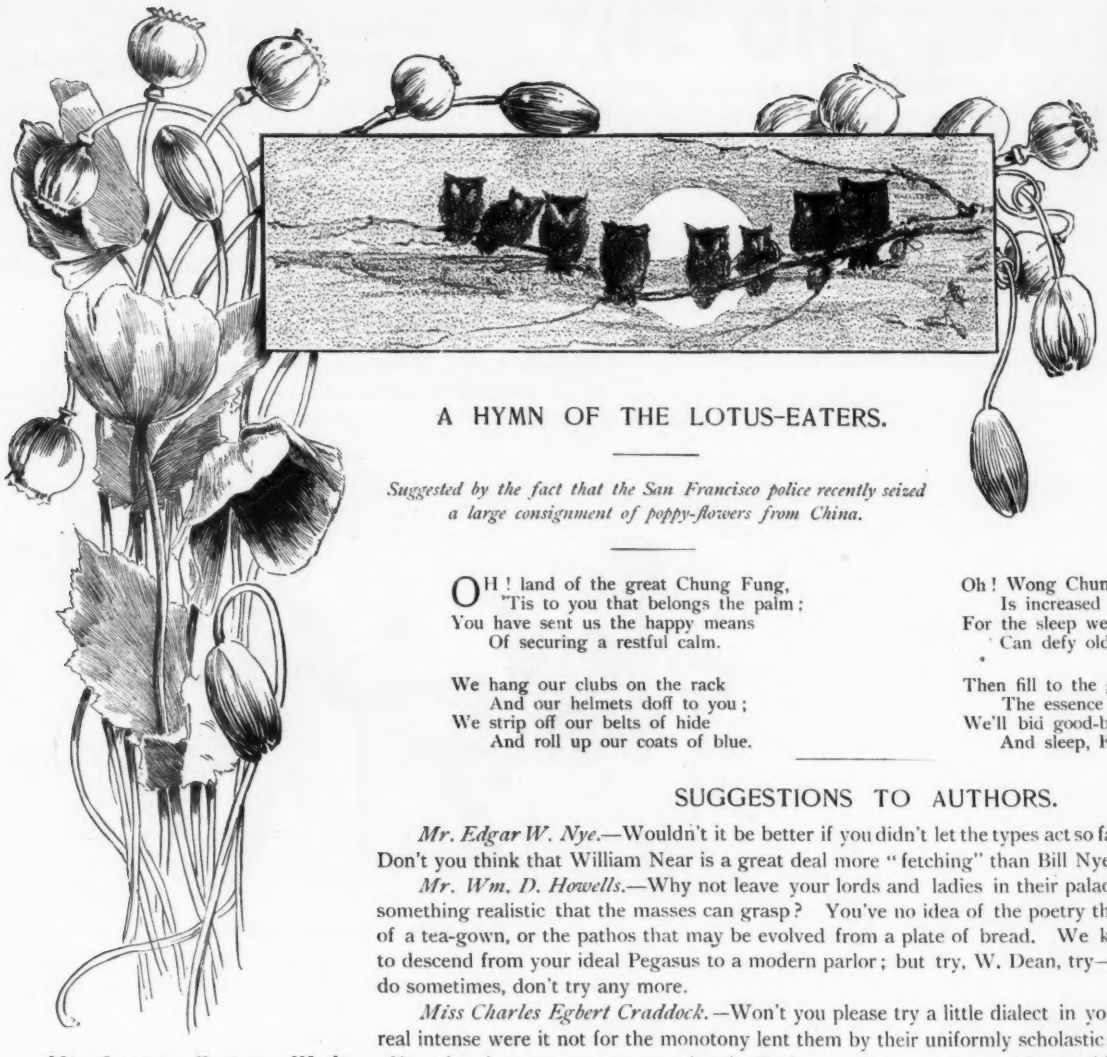
JEREMIAH M. RUSK.
Secretary Agriculture.

REDFIELD PROCTOR,
Secretary War.

BENJAMIN F. TRACY,
Secretary Navy.

JOHN WANAMAKER,
Postmaster General.

JAMES G. BLAINE,
Secretary of State.



A HYMN OF THE LOTUS-EATERS.

Suggested by the fact that the San Francisco police recently seized a large consignment of poppy-flowers from China.

OH! land of the great Chung Fung,
'Tis to you that belongs the palm;
You have sent us the happy means
Of securing a restful calm.

We hang our clubs on the rack
And our helmets doff to you;
We strip off our belts of hide
And roll up our coats of blue.

Oh! Wong Chung Fung, our respect
Is increased tenfold at a jump,
For the sleep we can take at last
Can defy old Gabriel's trump.

Then fill to the goblet's brim
The essence of Momus sly;
We'll bid good-bye to the world,
And sleep, Fong Chung, for aye.

SUGGESTIONS TO AUTHORS.

Mr. Edgar W. Nye.—Wouldn't it be better if you didn't let the types act so familiar-like with your name? Don't you think that William Near is a great deal more "fetching" than Bill Nye?

Mr. Wm. D. Howells.—Why not leave your lords and ladies in their palaces for a while and give us something realistic that the masses can grasp? You've no idea of the poetry that lurks in the side-breadth of a tea-gown, or the pathos that may be evolved from a plate of bread. We know it will be hard for you to descend from your ideal Pegasus to a modern parlor; but try, W. Dean, try—and if you succeed as you do sometimes, don't try any more.

Miss Charles Egbert Craddock.—Won't you please try a little dialect in your stories? They would be real intense were it not for the monotony lent them by their uniformly scholastic and Addisonian English.

Miss Constance Fenimore Woolson.—Your heroines are so commonplace! Can't you give us a woman who would rather give up her lover to a girl he didn't love than to marry him and make two people happy?

Julian Hawthorne.—Don't you think you are pretty young to attempt to write a whole book all alone? Why not call in some one to give you a boost on the plot and the headlines for the chapters?

Henry James.—Aren't you awful tired of America? Why not put an Englishman into your next novel? If you never saw one, we will get up a subscription to help you cross the ocean—if you'll only stay there, and keep out of American pages. And *what* makes you write such short, curt sentences? Just break up their sameness by an occasional parenthesis; and if you'd only read "Hysteric Boobyism" you could write a sentence that would be almost involved.

Bret Harte.—See yer, pard, can't you come down to hard pan again, and scoop in some of them touches you useter give us in "Tennessee's Pardner," and sich? Let's have a new deal of the old cards.

J. G. Nicolay and John Hay.—That *Life* is a grand effort of penmanship—oh, by the way, which *is* the *Life*—the coarse print or the fine?

Ben-Hur.—But, come to think, you've ben hurd of enough, and we sha'n't advertise you any more—so there now!

Austin Dobson.—Try something definite in verse form, like a round O, and don't let your muse go straggling all around on such uncertain feet.

Andrew Lang.—When you write any more "Letters to Dead Authors" won't you please go there to get them published?

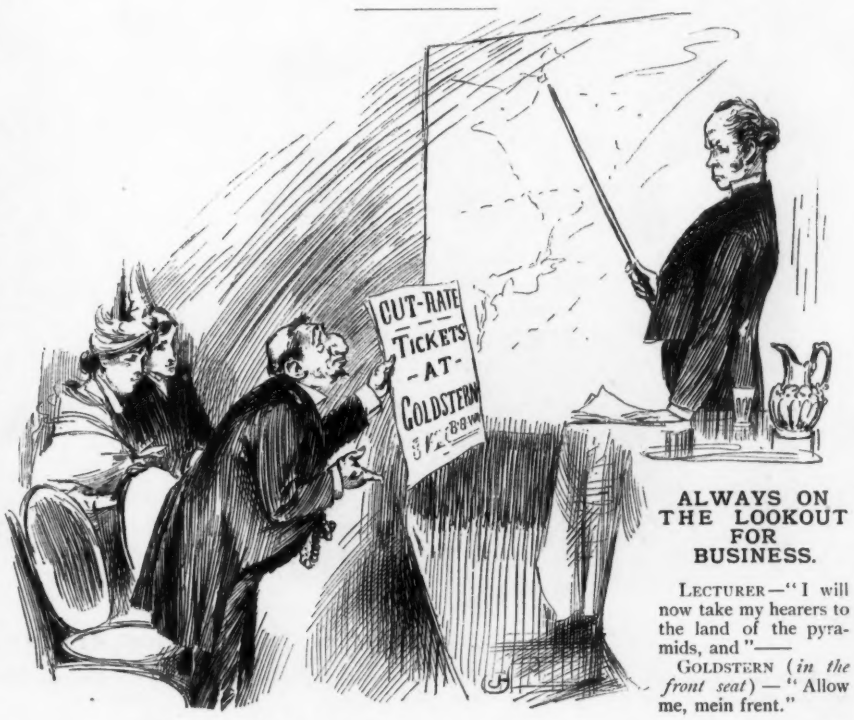
H. Rider Haggard.—Africa's too tepid for your veracity. Just go to Halifax, won't you?

Mark Twain.—Have you a patent on your innocence abroad? If not, please send some to our American girls over there.

J. Whitcomb Riley.—If you'd only keep away from that Worldly Bill, and learn to pronounce the *ing* on the end of your words, there might be hopes for your future Culture.

Wm. Black.—We have perused your stories with baited breath. We feel that they lack only one thing—see that the bookseller furnishes a fish-pole, piece of string and box of worms with each volume, and we assure you that you will not have lived in vain.

ARISTINE ANDERSON.



ALWAYS ON THE LOOKOUT FOR BUSINESS.

LECTURER—"I will now take my hearers to the land of the pyramids, and"——

GOLDSTERN (*in the front seat*)—"Allow me, mein frent."

THE METAMORPHOSIS OF A WILD-FLOWER.

I MET HER at Nonquitt; the season was autumn;
All blue was the sky and all gray was the sea.
The turf of the meadow, just back of the sand-dunes,
Was gilded with golden-rod, bright as could be.
And there, while she promised to love and to cherish,
I "sainted" that flower as an emblem to me.

Well, alack! we are married, and sand-dune and meadow
Are 'way out of sight of our flat on the square.
With my clubs and my business, her tea-fights and visits,
We are somewhat apart for so tied-up a pair.
And as for the rod that I shrined as an idol,
It has changed to a kind of a pickly affair. J. S. G.

NOTES OF THE OLDEN DAY.

Hebe happened to be a she.
Acis was the inventor of poker.
Sirius was a dog-goned funny star.
Castor was one of the salt of the earth.
Ate was the goddess of discord, not of dinner.
It was generally considered that Ino knew nothing.
To-day we drive in phaetons, but Phaeton once drove the carriage of the sun.

QUITE GOOD ENOUGH.

"Excuse me, Mr. Brown," said the haberdasher, "but this is a quarter necktie you have selected. You always wear a dollar one."

"That's all right, old boy," he returned, with a wink. "My wife has just started making a crazy-quilt."

A WOMAN'S REVENGE.

"How could you help that Mrs. Proudly dress for the opera when you hate her so?" asked Maude.

"Because," replied Bessie, "I wanted to get a chance to put a pin in her dress so that it would be sticking in her back all the evening."

DENYING HIMSELF.

Jones—"Skippley the cashier is practicing a good deal of self-denial lately."

Brown—"How's that? I should think that he could get on comfortably with what he took to Canada."

Jones—"Maybe, but he travels under an *alias*. Isn't that self-denial?"

WHAT HE ASKED FOR.

Guest (from the wild, wild west)—"Give me a tip-top room."

Hotel clerk (to hall-boy)—"Take him up to the garret."

AT THE CLUB.

"So Cholly is going to marry, paw boy."

"Ya'as; and just think of the—aw—giddy lot of neck-scarfs that will be wasted—aw—on one single girl—aw."

A LEFT-HANDED COMPLIMENT.

MULEY—"Do you notice what a restful feeling it gives you to smoke a quiet cigar?"

HASSAN—"Yes; these of yours particularly. I know of only one thing that would give a more relaxing effect."

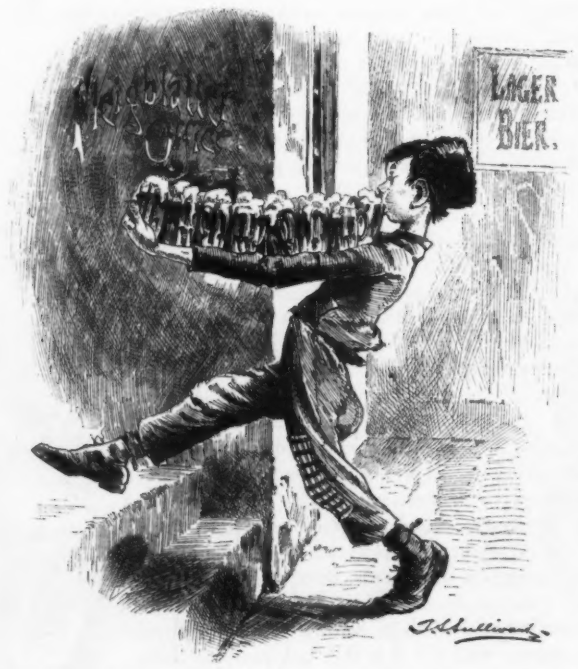
MULEY—"What's that?"

HASSAN (*as his wrapper comes off*)—"Morphine."

HE KNEW WHAT IT WAS.

Mother—"In reading about the accident, Charlie, you said the victims were taken out of the debris. You should have said dabree."

Son—"Well, if they had meant dabree they'd have said dabree. This here is debris."



UTILITY IN THE "FLEIGBLATTER" OFFICE.

EDITOR (*hiring new office-boy*)—"You don'd look so mighdy shmardt, but, py grascious! you vos a vell-puilt poy. You vos engaged."

The new boy demonstrating that there were no indications of flies on his build.

LAMENT.

Upon the dreary, dismal earth the frost was hoar ;
The ocean seem to still its sullen roar ;
A sunbeam glimmered through the open door,
When Helen died.

The world was swooning ; e'en the winter breeze
That erst had swept across the wolds and leas
No longer breathed its music in the trees
When Helen died.

The morning sunlight glinted on the stream,
The clouds seemed floating in a languid dream,
The woods rebuked with moans the wild bird's scream
When Helen died.

Waft, waft my sighs, oh, frosted winter air,
To those blue skies so coldly bending there—
From blonde to auburn changed the maiden's hair,
When Helen dyed.
—*Lincoln (Neb.) Journal.*

The New York *Tribune* editor has observed an interesting fact. "No college student," he says, "ever so far forgets himself as to refer to his fellow-students as 'boys'; they are all 'men.' But about twenty years after his graduation, when he meets his former companions at some college anniversary, he never gets tired of referring to them as 'boys.'" Girls, however, are girls at college, and girls to the end of time.—*Somerville Journal.*

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

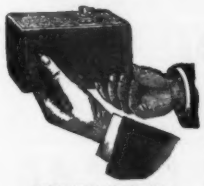
Health journals insist upon reposing on the right side only, and claim that it is injurious to lie on both sides; but we don't know where they will find a healthier set of men than lawyers.—*Salem (Oregon) Statesman.*

The most efficacious stimulant to excite the appetite is Angostura Bitters, the genuine of Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons. At your Druggist's.

In school we used to think it was
A very cunning caper
To decorate the ceiling with
Fat wads of well-chewed paper.

Behold our legislators now,
The self-same trick revealing,
Would finish off a palace with
A *papier mache* ceiling.
Buffalo Express.

THE
KODAK.



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SOHMER
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Are at present the Most Popular and Preferred by Leading Artists.
Warerooms, 149, 151, 153, 155 East 14th St, N. Y.
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PHILADELPHIA, PA., 1119 Chestnut Street; CHICAGO, ILL., 236 State Street; SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Union Club Building; ST. LOUIS, MO., 1522 Olive Street.

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NEW YORK OFFICE: UNITED BANK BUILDING, COR. OF WALL ST. AND BROADWAY.
Trustees: Rt. Hon. JOHN BRIGHT, M.P.; Rt. Hon. EARL BEAUCHAMP.
LONDON BANKERS: Bank of England and Williams, Deacon & Company, Lombard Street, London, to whom the Cheque Bank refers by permission.

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The Bank does not discount Notes or Bills, but loans its Deposits on the Security of Government Stocks, Bonds, and Securities.

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The Bank issues Cheques for the use of Travelers, available in Egypt, Palestine, and the Holy Land.

The Bank issues Cheques, available in the City of Mexico, and the West India Islands, and South America.

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The *Journal* office received this week a large new safe.—*Jamestown Journal.* For what purpose is it to be used, pray? Going to keep your ice in it?—*Oil City Blizzard.*

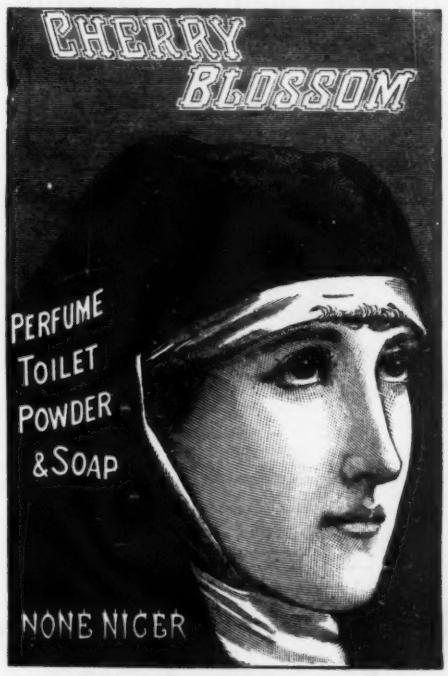
CATARRH CURED.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a recipe which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 88 Warren St., New York City, will receive the recipe free of charge.

In an argument with a man, a woman invariably has the last word. But death alone can decide the victory when the battle is between two women.—*Youngstown (O.) Telegram.*

The popularity of Mrs. Cleveland was a real bulwark to the president. There was some good sense in the gentleman who, being charged by a rampageous bull, held his wife firmly in front, saying, "Stand steady, Maria ; he can't toss both of us."—*London Globe.*

THE GREATEST INVENTION OF THE AGE.
Every Family should have it.
Powdered, and put up in ONE POUND TIN CANS.
75 Cents per can.
22 cents additional for postage, if sent by mail.
STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Inventors and Sole M'f'rs, S. W. Cor. 12th & Market Sts. PHILADELPHIA, PA.



In the High Court of Justice.—Gosnell v. Durrant.—On Jan. 28, 1887, Mr Justice Chitty granted a Perpetual Injunction with costs restraining Mr. George Reynolds Durrant from infringing Messrs. John Gosnell & Co.'s Registered Trade Mark CHERRY BLOSSOM.

THE SOCIAL SEASON.

During the season in London, **Beecham's Pills** are held in high regard. The exactions of social life, the strain consequent upon late hours, late suppers, and the indulgence of rich and highly seasoned food, all combine to leave the system in a debilitated condition and the stomach in a state bordering on frenzy, if we may use the expression. **Beecham's Pills,** however, taken regularly, have a soothing effect on the stomach and digestive organs. Their result is *immediate.* A few doses will restore lost complexion, bring back the keen edge of appetite, and give health, strength and energy to the whole human frame.

BEECHAM'S PILLS, taken as directed, will quickly **restore females** to complete health. For a

WEAK STOMACH, IMPAIRED DIGESTION, DISORDERED LIVER,

they **ACT LIKE MAGIC**:—*a few doses* will work wonders upon the Vital **Organs**; **Strengthening** the muscular **System**; restoring long-lost **Complexion**; bringing back the **keen edge of appetite,** and arousing with the **ROSEBUD OF HEALTH** the *whole physical energy* of the human frame. These are "facts" admitted by thousands, in all classes of society; and one of the best guarantees to the Nervous and Debilitated is that **BEECHAM'S PILLS HAVE THE LARGEST SALE OF ANY PATENT MEDICINE IN THE WORLD.** Full directions with each Box.

Prepared only by THOS. BEECHAM, St. Helens, Lancashire, England.

Sold by Druggists generally. B. F. ALLEN & CO., 365 and 367 Canal Street, New York, Sole Agents for the United States, *who,* **IF YOUR DRUGGIST DOES NOT KEEP THEM, WILL MAIL BEECHAM'S PILLS ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, 25 CENTS A BOX,** *but inquire first.*

SKIN DISEASES.

What spectacle is more disgusting than that of a man or woman with a skin disease which shows itself in pimples or blotches on hands, arms, face and neck? It is simply impure blood. See what BRANDRETH'S PILLS did for a chronic case. George Chapman, Pincening, Mich., says:

"For four years I was in the Mounted Infantry in the U. S. Army, residing during that time principally in Texas. Almost all of that time I had a chronic skin disease, characterized by an eruption over the entire surface of my legs and thighs, arms and chest. The doctors termed it eczema. I had given up all hopes of ever being cured, when BRANDRETH'S PILLS were recommended to me. I concluded to try them, and did so, and I have thanked God daily since then that I did so. I think I used them altogether for about three months, and by that time was completely cured and have never had any trouble since. My skin is as clear as any one's."

Brandreth's Pills are purely vegetable, absolutely harmless, and safe to take at any time. Sold in every drug and medicine store, either plain or sugar-coated.

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IMPROVED.

Price $7.50, net cash

Machine complete to make the three sizes.

Thousands are in daily use in the United States. A machine by which a merchant can at once have first-class buttons made (*of any size*) **out of Same Material as Costume, Cloak, Coat or Jacket is made.** *No Bother matching Shades.*

It is in use *now* by all the leading dry goods and tailoring establishments of the United States.

Is Simple in Mechanism; Unequaled in every way; gives Entire Satisfaction, **and has Come to Stay.**

It cuts the Cloth Blanks, and makes all the leading sizes of Buttons **on one and the same Machine.** Directions for using with every Machine.

Machine is put up in small, compact form—weighs 5 lbs.; cut is 1/8 size of machine.

The moulds, whose cost is very small, are the same as those used on the finest Braid Buttons.

What Better Match in Buttons can there be than a Button made of the Same Material?

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SCHOTT BROS., Providence, R. I.

75 Words a Minute Attained.

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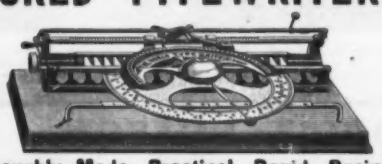

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Single Case, **$10.00**; Double Case, writes 72 characters, **$15.00.** Walnut Case, $2.00 extra.

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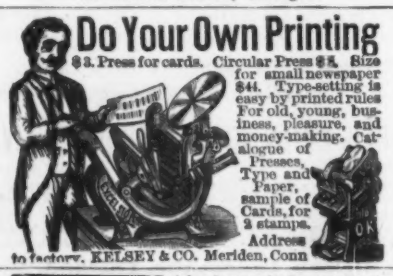

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LOCAL MANAGER WANTED. To take charge of office outside of large cities. **Permanent position** worth **$1000** a year. No canvassing or peddling. Apply by letter to **J. STEPHENS, Gen. Mang'r, 227 Main St., Cincinnati, O**

HER ANSWER.

The question long had been upon my lips;
I asked it, trembling to my finger tips;
She did not falter, though her voice was low;
The answer that she made was simply, "No."

She did not look upon me with surprise;
She did not from my glance avert her eyes;
But in her cheeks I saw the roses glow,
As she with gentle firmness answered, "No."

She used no trick or artifice with me;
She did not say a sister she would be;
And no confusion did the maiden show,
As to my question she responded, "No."

What was my question, reader? Let me tell:
She just had told me that she loved me well;
I asked, "Will you e'er love another so?"
And to this question 'twas she answered, "No."

—*Boston Courier.*

The members of building-loan associations in the metropolis and vicinity, whose numbers are said to exceed thirty thousand, have an official and efficient newspaper representative now in the *Home-Seeker and Co-operative Bulletin*, the first number of which is just out. One of the objects of the paper is to build up the suburbs by getting facts and figures before its readers about the best and cheapest place to live within the building association limit, which is thirty miles from the New York city hall.

Gains, gains, gains—everywhere gains! That is about the best epitome of the NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY'S annual report for 1888, which will be found in our advertising columns. Income, twenty-five million dollars—a gain of three millions; payments to policyholders, over ten million dollars—a gain of over a million; assets, over ninety-three million dollars—a gain of ten millions; surplus, over thirteen million dollars—a gain of over a million and a half; insurance written, one hundred and twenty-five million dollars—a gain of about twenty millions; insurance in force, over four hundred and nineteen million dollars—a gain of over sixty millions. The NEW YORK LIFE already comprises within itself the business and resources of half a dozen ordinary companies, but its growth has been solid and its management far-seeing. The admirable contracts it offers, and the superior results of its matured policies, have made it a favorite Company with the insuring public.

SOME THAWTS.

"It is a warm day when the ice-man gets left."

There ain't no ice; what's more, there won't be none,
For lo! the time for making ice is done.
Unchecked by frost, from thoughts of freezing free,
Rivers and brooks go singing to the sea.

No ice next summer? Oh, what joy to think
We will not melt the horse-pond in our drink!
We will not spoil pure water from the well
With crystals from the pond the pig in fell.

The ice-man will not vex us out of tune
By bringing morning ice along at noon;
Nor make us long to perforate his pelt
By leaving all he does leave out to melt.

And the fond youth, neck-deep in love's young dream,
Will not be asked to squander on ice-cream
The sesterces, the shekels, the arzhong
For which he shouted "Cash-boy!" all week long.

And, blessed Truth! Thy temple's gates ajar
Swing for the Liar of the railroad car—
The lukewarm water-tank, whose brazen face
Proclaims "Ice Water," to his own disgrace.

So all is well, the year with good is crowned,
Pastures with flocks and vales with corn abound;
With or without the ice-man's jocund voice,
Still the outgoings of the day rejoice.

—*Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.*

The *Famous Vestibuled Chicago Limited Train* between New York and Chicago, by the great four-track New York Central & Hudson River Railroad, leaving the Grand Central Station daily at 9.30 a.m., is the fastest, most luxurious and easiest-riding train in service between the east and the west.

Housekeeper—"I see you have a very good reference."
Applicant—"Yis, mum. The lady was so mane she didn't want to give me no reference at first, but I tould her I'd get me brother Mike's siven boys to foller 'er on the strate an' yell "White horse" ivery toime she wint out wid her red hair."—*New York Weekly.*

The Oldest and the Best. Fastens the hair where it has a tendency to fall out, renews its growth where the fibres have disappeared, preserves its color in spite of age, sickness and sorrow, and makes it (however harsh) as flexible and glossy as silk.

BARCLAY & CO., 44 Stone St., New York City.

AMERICAN BANK NOTE COMPANY,

78 to 86 Trinity Place, New York.

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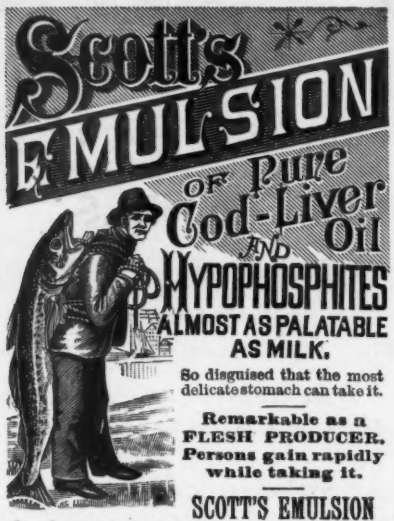

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CHILDREN'S ROUND-TABLE.

A good story illustrating the right of children to get in a question or two in reply to interrogatories by their elders was told by a prominent physician here to a lady patient a day or two ago.

"Whose boy are you?" said the doctor to a bright-looking youngster who was playing in a patient's garden.

"Mr. Jim ——'s. Whose be you?" was the unexpected rejoinder.—*Kingston Freeman.*

* * *

Jane and Mr. Longwoo were in the parlor, when Tommy burst into the room and began to cry out, "Top, mop, fop, stop"— "Why, what's the matter, Tommy?" interrupted Mr. Longwoo. "I'm only doing what Sue told me to," cried Tommy. "She told me to come in here and call out a lot of words that rhyme with 'pop' to see if it would not bring you to your senses."—*London Society.*

* * *

Max and Moritz were the only male youngsters in the family. The first-named one day brought a dog home, a horrid, ugly creature, to the great disgust of the female portion of the household. At length the oldest of the sisters persuaded little Max to take the dog back where he found it, or give it away, and gave him threepence for his trouble. Max strutted off with the cur, and returned in half an hour munching the remains of the last of the nuts he had bought with his sister's money.

"Well, what have you done with that ugly brute?" the latter inquired.

"Guv it to Moritz," was the reply.—*Illustrirte Welt.*

* * *

A fond grandmother tells the following story of a grandchild: "An aunt was talking to her of God's laws and of obeying them, when the child surprised her by saying, 'Well, it is a great deal easier to obey God's law than it is grandma's—she has so many.'"—*Geneva Courier.*

* * *

"Will you have a piece of this nice mince pie, Tommy?" said Tommy's aunt, with whom he was taking his dinner.

"Please, ma'am," replied the little fellow, holding his plate, "but you might put two pieces on now; mamma has taught me never to pass my plate back for the second piece."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

* * *

A small boy of our acquaintance, who is, like most boys, much given to playing soldier, and who has unfortunately heard a good deal of doctor's talk lately, got things badly mixed a day or two ago. He was making a great noise at the head of his imaginary army, astride what he called his "gastrick-fever horse"—probably the result of much looking at the pictures of trick horses and dogs in a circus book—calling to his soldiers, "Come on, and we will kill the enemy!" when his aunt called from the next room to know if anything unusual was happening. "Oh," replied the boy, "nothing, only the soldiers are having a bilious attack."—*Boston Transcript.*

* * *

The teacher announced that she wished the pupils to write a short essay on "The Cigarette Habit." And little Johnny, after much patient labor, handed in this: "The habits which is worn by the cigarette girls is much to lite for Winter, this is All i no about The 'Cigarette Habit.'"—*Terre Haute Express.*

* * *

Frank, aged eight, is trying to explain to his little sister Hilda what the soul is.

"You know, Hilda, your body doesn't go to heaven—it's your soul."

Hilda—"What is the soul?"

Frank—"Well, it's something inside you; not your heart—it's something you feel, but can't see."

Hilda—"Oh, I know—you mean the dinner."—*London (Ont.) Pick-Me-Up.*

* * *

Our bright little Nelly overheard some one speaking of the beatitudes, and on going to bed she said, "I know, mamma, what the beatitoes mean." Her mother asked her what, and counting off her rosy, dimpled toes, she replied:

"Aimy merry mony mi,
Kiss a boy and make him ki."

—*Detroit Tribune.*

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An old fellow sat on a rail fence. His hat lay on the ground; his long hair was tangled, and his face wore a revengeful expression. A traveler, noticing the old fellow's hardness of countenance, stopped, and thus addressed him:

"You seem to be worried."

"Am."

"What's the matter?"

"Got a duty to perform."

"It must be unpleasant."

"No, the duty is pleasant enough, but the waiting is tiresome."

"Why do you wait?"

"See that house up yonder?"

"Yes."

"Well, there's a fellow in there that I am going to larrup as soon as he comes out."

"He has done you an injury, I suppose?"

"He has."

"What did he do?"

"Well, I'll tell you. He came into this neighborhood about six months ago and began to practice medicine. I have been a practicing physician in this community for thirty years, yet I treated the upstart kindly. How did he repay me? With the basest ingratitude, sir. I'll tell you how it was. About two weeks ago old Peter Nolan was taken awfully sick. He was as sick a man as I ever saw in my life. Why, he had the swamp fever, rheumatism, pleurisy and a number of other diseases. I was called in. As soon as I looked at him I saw that he had no show, and I told him it would not be honest for me to give him medicine and take his money when I knew that I could do him no good."

"That was surely commendable," said the traveler.

"Of course; but mark the difference. That young snipe was called in. What did he do? Act with corresponding honesty? No, sir; he pitched in and gave old Pete a lot of medicine."

"And killed him, eh?"

"Well, no; the scoundrel has about cured him."

"Yes, but that proves him to be a good physician."

"A good physician!" the old fellow exclaimed. "Why, blast him! he knew that I had said old Pete couldn't live. He knew that my professional reputation was at stake. Why didn't he let the old fool die? Why did he want to cure him and ruin me? It was an unprofessional act, sir; and just as soon as he comes out of that house I'm going to whale him. I am not going to be insulted in my old age, and above all I am not going to allow a young popinjay to ruin the profession. Wait till he comes out and you'll hear something drop."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

The trouble at Colon is reported by the consul to have come to a full stop—at least for a period.—*Baltimore American.*

"What kind of stories do bald-headed men prefer?" asked McSwilligen. "Don't know. I'm not bald," replied Squildig. "What kind?" "Hair-raising stories, of course."—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.*

"Mamma," queried little Bobby, poking his head from the nursery door one bright Sabbath morning, "I'm a little mixed in my Sunday-school lesson. What tribe was it that made a gold-plated calf—the Israelites or the Choctaws?"—*Binghamton Republican.*

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Dot's besser you don't try to kill time. Edernidy rides like der deuce on der race-course of life.

Ofer der tuyfel has two horns by his head, one of dhem vas filled mit rum und der odder mit pizens.—*National Weekly.*

No, George William; you are mistaken. Cubebs are not the principal product of Cuba. Connecticut cigars are the chief staple of that beautiful island.—*Ex.*

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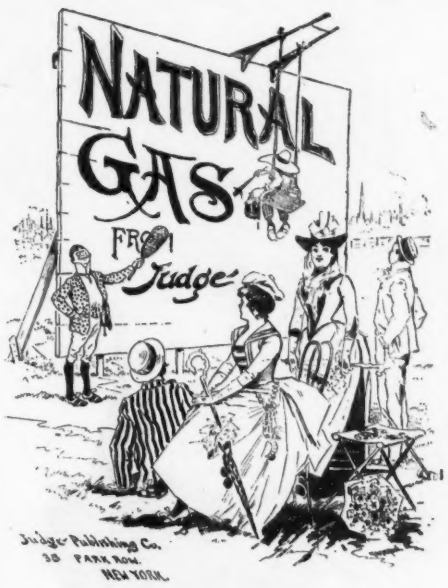
A commentary on the "Original Mr. Jacobs and the American Jew," by Johanna von Bohne, a pamphlet of 32 pages, has just been received, published by the Judge publishing company of New York, 38 Park row. Price 15 cents per copy. Until now but few non-Jewish writers have had the acumen or fairness to negate the evil intentions of Timayenis of Harvard university and his late notorious and pilfering transactions with his associates in business, the Minerva publishing company. We welcome with much pleasure the above-named tersely written comment, for it comes from a refined lady who avows herself to be of the Protestant faith, who is not afraid to reveal her name or speak of her antecedents, and that she is wholly actuated by motives of justice to contradict the base falsehoods of Timayenis, the anonymous author, who sought to create an anti-Jewish sentiment among American and English readers. We, and in fact all the Jewish citizens of this country, will be under great obligations to both the fair lady author and the enterprising Judge publishing company for this timely little brochure. Presumably all our retail dealers in literature will be able to supply the demand.—*Chicago Occident.*

Two poets meet and the following conversation ensues: "Ha! how are you, old boy? And how is the verse market these days?" "I have ceased to write poetry." "You have?" "Yes, I have gone into the furniture business." "The furniture business?" "Yes." "And have you sold any?" "Yes; I have sold my own."—*Chicago Mail.*



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And as they passed he seemed to say,
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You could not work your little lay,
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